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BUSINESS CARDS.

CALVIN G. TILDEN, Fire and Life Insurance Agent. Middlebury, Nov. 25, 1850. 32;

JOHN W. STEWART, MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

## Charles L. Allen, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon, Having resigned his Professor-hip in the Castleton Medical College, and size having terminated its engagement with Middlebury College, will give his UndertriBED attention to his profession.

CHARGES—Those tetablished by the Addison County Medical Society. ty Medical foctor.

Office at his residence, first house North of
the Congregational Meeting House.

Middichury, Nov. 26, 1856. 32,1y

Would inform the citizens of this village and vicinity, that his present residence is the first door south of the Court House, where he will be in readiness to attend calls in his pro-

DR. WM. M. BASS,

sion, and will accept gratefully a shareof iblic patronage. Middlebury April 22, 1856. EDWARD MUSSEY Respectfully informs the people of this county and the public at large, that he has

ADDISON HOUSE,
In Middlebury, for a term of years. He intends to keep a first rate house, and hopes by strict attention to the wants of his guests and moderate charges, to merit a liberal share

of the public patronage. Middlebury, May 21, 1856. A. H. COPELAND,

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TAILOR,
Informs his friends and customers, that he has opened a shop in Stewart's building over the store of R. L. Fuller, where he will attend to all business in his line. Cutting done to suit costomers.

Wanten- a good Journeyman. Middlebury, Oct. 15, 1856. 26;tf

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Le Persons desirous of subscribing for any of the above mentioned books, will please apply to the subscriber. Canvassers wanted.

F. S. MARTIN Williamstown, Vt.

### Barre Academy.

THE winter term will begin on Thursday, Nov. 20. Extract from a report of the Examining Committee: "We cheerfully say that it is one of the excellent schools in our State, and worthy of the patronage of friends of sound learning, and we are bappy to know that it is receiving this in a large degree."

J. S. SPAULDING, Principal.

Barre, Oct. 29,1856.

29,tf

DAILY PAPERS—New York Daily Times Tribune and Herald, and Boston Jour-al, received daily, at COPELANDS'

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COPELAND'S NEWS DEPOT.

Doetrp.

The Letters.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON. Still on the tower stood the vane, A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air, I peer'd athwart the chancel pane, And saw the altar cold and here A close of lead was round my feet A band of pain across my brow;

" Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall meet

Before you hear my marriage vow." I turn'd and humm'd a better song That mock'd the wholesale human heart, And then we met in wrath and wrong-Full cold my greeting was, and dry; She faintly smiled, she hardly moved; I saw, with half-unconscious eye,

She wore the colors I approved. She took the little ivory chest, With half a sigh she turned the key, Then raised her head with lips comprest, And gave my letters back to me; And gave the trinkets and the rings, My gifts, when gifts of mine could please; As looks a father on the things Of his dead son, I look'd on these,

She told me all her friends had said; I raged against the public liar; She talk'd as if her love were dead. But in my words were seeds of fire. " No more of love; your sex is known: I never will be twice deceived. Henceforth I trust the man alone-The woman cannot be believed.

"Through slander, meanest spawn of Hell, (And woman's slander is the worst,) And you, whom once I loved so well-Through you, my life will be accurst." I spoke with heart, and heat, and force, I shook her breast with vacue alarms Like terrents from a mountain source We rush'd into each other's arms.

We parted; sweetly gleam'd the stars, And sweet the vapor-braided blue, Low breezes fame'd the belfry bars, As homeward by the church I drew. The very graves appear'd to smile, So fresh they rose in shadow'd swells; "Dark perch," I said, "and silent aisle, There comes a sound of marriage bells."

#### The Snow Storm.

BY EMERSON. Announced by all the trumpets of the sky. Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields, Seems no where to alight! the whited air Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaver And veils the farm-house at the garden's end. The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed In a tumultuous privacy of storm. Come see the north wind's masonry, Out of an unseen quarry evermore Furnished with tile, the artificer Curves his white bastion with projected roof Round every windward stake, or tree, or door. Speeding, the myriad hunded, his wild work So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he For number or proportion. Mockingly, On coop or kennel he hangs Parion wreaths; A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn; Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall, Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate, A tapering turret overtops the work. And when his hours are numbered, and the world Is all his own, retiring, as he were not, Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone, Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,

### Miscellann.

Dr. Kane and an Esquimaux after Scals.

"I started with Hans and five dogs all we could master from my disabled pack, and reached the Pinnacle Berg in single hour's run. But where was the water? The floes had closed, and the crushed ice was all that told of our intended hunting ground.

Ascending a berg, however, we could see to the porth and west the dark cloud stratus which betokens water. It ran through our battle-ground, the ' Bergy Belt'-the labyrinth of our wandering after the frozen party of last winter. had not been over it since and the feel-

ing it gave me was anything but joyous. In a couple of hours we emerged upon a plain unlimited to the eye, and smooth as a billiard table. Feathers of young frosting give a plush like nap to its surface, and toward the horizon dark columns of frost smoke pointed clearly to the open water. The ice was firm enough: our experience satisfied us that it was not a very recent freezing. We pushed on without hesitation, cheering ourselves with the expectation of coming every minute to the seals. We passed second ice growth; it was not so strong as the one we had just come over, but still safe for a party like ours. On we went, at a brisker gallop, may be for another mile, when Hans sang out at the top of his voice: 'Pusey! pusey! seal! At the same instant the dogs bounded forward, and, as I looked up, I saw that we had passed upon a new belt of ice that was obviously unsafe. To the right, and left, and front, was one great expanse of snow-flowered ice. The carest solid floe was a mere lump, which stood like an island in the broad level. To turn it was impossible; we had to keep up our gait. We urged on the dogs with whip and voice, the ice rolling like leather beneath the sledge runners; and it was more than a mile to

were soon husbed in silence. The suspense, unrelieved by action or effort, was intolerable. We knew that there was no remedy but to reach the floe, and that everything depended upon

the fomp of solid ice. Fear gave to the beasts their utmost speed, and our voice-

our dogs alone. A moment's check would plunge the whole concern into the rapid tide way. No presence of mind or recourse, bodily or mental, could avail us. The seals—for we were now near enough to see their expressive faceswere looking at us with that strange cu-

riesity which seems to be their charac-teristic expression. We must have passed some fifty of them, breast high out of water, mocking us by their self-complaconcy.

This desperate race against fate could not last. The rolling of the tough salt

water ice terrified our dogs, and when within fifty paces of the floe they paused. The left hand runner went through our leader, "Toodlamick." followed; and in one second the entire left of the sledge was submorged. My first thought was to liberate the dogs, I baned forward to cut poor Tood's traces, and the next minute was swimming in a little circle of pasty ice and water along-ide him .-Hans, dear good fellow, drew near to belp him, uttering piteous expressions in broken English; but I ordered him to throw himself on his belly, with his hands and legs extended, and to make for the island by cogging himself for-ward with his jack knife. In the meantime-a mere instant-I was floundering about with sledge, dogs, and lines, in a confused puddle about me.

I succeeded in cutting poor Tood's lines, and letting him scramble to the ice—for the poor fellow was drowning me with his pitcous caresses—and reade my way for the sledges; but I found that it would not buoy me, and that I had no recourse but to try the circumference of the hole. Around this I paddled faithfully, the miserable ice always yielding whon my hopes of a lodgment were greatest. During this process I enlarged my circle of operations to a very uncomfortable diameter, and was beginning to feel weaker after every effort. Hans, meanwhile, had reached the firm ice, and was on his knees, like a good Moravian, praying incoherently in English and E-quimaux; at every fresh crushing in of the ice he would ejaculate God! and when I recommen-ed my paddling he recommenced his

I was nearly gone. My knife had been lost in cutting out the dogs, and a spare one which I carried in my trowers pocket was so enveloped in the wet skins that I could not reach it. I owed my extrication at last to a newly broken team dog who was still fest to the sledge and in strongling carried one of the runners chock against the edge of the circle. All my previous attempts to use the sledge as a bridge had failed, for it broke through to the much greater in-jury of the ce. I felt that it was my last chance. I throw myself on my back, so as to lesson as much as possible my weight, and placed the maps of my neak against the rim of the edge of the ice, and then with caution slowly bent my leg and placing the ball of my moccasined foot against the runner, listening to the half-yielding erunch of the ice beneath.

Presently I felt my head pillowed by the ice, and that my wet fur jumper was sliding up the surface. Next came my shoulders, and I was launched upon the ice and safe. I reached the ice five, and was fractioned by Hans with frightful zeal. We saved all the dogs; but the sledge kayack, tents, guns, snow-shoes, and everything besides, were left behind The thermometer at eight degrees will keep them frozen fast in the sledge till we can come and cut them out.

THE PHILANTHROPY OF COMMON LIFE. -There are those who, with a kind of noble but mistaken aspiration, are asking for a life which shall, in its form and outward course, be more spiritual and divine than that which they are obliged to live. They think that if they could devote themselves entirely to what are called labors of philanthropy, to visiting the poor and sick, that would be well and worthy-and so it would be. They think that it could be inscribed on the tombstones, that they had visited a million of couches of disease, and carried balm and soothing to them, that would be a glorious record-and so it would be. But let me tell you that the million occasions will come-ay, and in the and by your firesides-wherein you may act as nobly, as if all your life long vo visited beds of sickness and pain. I say, the million occasions will come, varying every hour, in which you may restrain your passions, subdue your hearts to gentleness and patience, resign your own interest for another's advanage, speak words of kindness and wisdom, raise the fallen and cheer the faint ing and sick in spirit, and soften and as suage the weariness and bitterness of the mortal lot. These cannot indeed be written on your tombs, for they are not one series of specific actions, like those of what is technically denominated philanthropy. But in them, I say, you may discharge offices not less gracious to oth ers, not less glorious for yourselves, than the self-denials of the far-famed sisters of charity, than the labors of Howard or Oberlin, or than the sufferings of the martyred hosts of God's elect. They shall not be written on your tombs; bu they are written deep in the bearts of men-of friends, of children, of kindred all around you; they are written in the secret book of the great account - Or-

Time is defined by the author of the 'Tin Trumpet" to be the vehicle that carries everything into nothing, "We talk," he says, "of spending our time, as if it were so much interest of a perpetual annuity; whereas we are all living upon our espital, and he who wastes a single day, throws away that which can never be recalled or recovered.

Last Hours of a Single Gentle-

"This morning, November 11, at half-past cloven o'clock precisely, an unfor-tunate young man, named Edward Pinckney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by expiating his attach-ment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the altar railings of St. Mary's Church, Is-

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the party who were at Jones's at Brixton, two years ago, that Mr. Pinckney was there, and the first introduced to Miss Gale, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attentions—dancing with her not less than six sets that even g, and handing her things at supper, in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced

the intimacy between them which terminated in this morning's catastrophe.

Poor Pinckney had barely attained his twenty-eighth year; but there is a belief that but for reasons of a pecuniary nature, his single life would have come earlier to an notimely end. A change for the better, having occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and thus become accessories to the course for which he has just suffered.

"The unhappy young man passed the last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half past eight to ten, he was engaged in writing letters. Shortly sfeer, his younger brother, Henry, knocked at the door, when the doomed youth told him to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied, 'Not yet.' The question was then put to him, how he thought he would sleep? To which he answered, 'I don't know.' He then expressed his desire for a cigar and a glass of grog. His brother, who par-took of the like refreshments, now de-manded if he would take anything more that night? He said 'Nothing,' in a firm voice, His affectionate brother then rose to take his leave, when the devoted one considerately advised him to take care of himself.

"Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven the next morning, the victim of Cupid, having been called according to his desire, arose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self-control to shave himself, without the slightest injury, for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem that he devoted a longer time than usual to his toilet.

"The wretched man was attired in a light dress coat, with frosted buttons, a white vest and nankeen trousers with patent boots. He were around his neck a variegated satin searf, which partly concealed the Corango of the bosom. In front of the seart was inserted a breastpin of conspicuous dimensions.

· Having descended the stair-case with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his brother and sister, and a
few friends, awaited him. He then
shook hands cordfally with all present,
and on being asked how he slept, he answered, 'Very well.' And to the further demand as to the state of his mind he said that he felt happy. One of the party hereupon suggested that it would be as well to take something before the melancholy ceremony was gone through he exclaimed with some emphasis, De cidedly! Breakfast was accordingly served, when he ate a French roll, large round of toast, two sausages, and three great breakfast cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment on the part of persons present, he declared he never felt happier in his life.

" Having inquired the time, and as certained that it was ten minutes of e leven, he remarked that it would soon His brother then inquired if he could do anything for him, when he

said he would take a glass of water. The fatal moment now approached he devoted the remaining portion of his time to distribute those little articles ho would no longer want. To one he gave his eigar case, to another his tobacco stopper, and charged his brother Henry with his latch-key, with instructions to deliver it after all was over, with due solemnity, to the landlady. The clock at length struck eleven, and at the same moment he was informed that a cab was at the door. He merely said,- ' I am ready, and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, into which he got with his brother, his other friends following on behind in others.

Arriving at the tragical spot, a short but anxious delay of some moments took place, after which they were joined by be lady and her friends. Little was said on either side; but Miss Gale, with customary decorum, shed tears. Pinck ney endeavored to preserve decorum.but a slight twitching in his mouth and eye-brows proclaimed his inward agitation.

"All necessary preliminaries baving now been settled, and the prescribed necessary farmalities gone through, the usual question was put, Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wife! 'I will '

He then put the fatal ring on Miss Gale's finger, the Hymenial neose was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched into-matrimony !- English Pa

ENJOYMENTS .- Southey says, in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always puts on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempt-In like manner, I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my oyes away, I pack them in as lit-tle compass as I can for myself, and nev-er let them annoy others."

COMPORT FOR THE CORPULERY .- No man can think small beer of himself when he is well aware that he is stout.

Patent Sermon, by Dow, Jr .-

Text .- Don't tell me you havn't got time, —Don't tell me you havn't got time,
That other things claim your attention,
There's not the least reason or rhyme,
In the wisest excuse you can mention;
Don't tell me "about other fish,"
Your duty is done when you buy 'em;
And you will never relish the dish,
Unless you've a woman to "fry 'em."

Young man! if you have arrived at the right point in life for it, let every other consideration give way to that of getting married. Don't think of doing anything else. Keep poking about a-mong the rubbish of the world till you have stirred up a gem worth possessing in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter-for you know delays, as well as wild boars, are danger-ous, a good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have by your side while performing the journey of life-a dog isu't a touch to her. She is of more service, too, than you may at first imagine. She can 'smoth your linen and your cares" for you-mend your trouses and perchance your manners—sweeten your moments as well as your tea, and coffee for you ruffle, perhaps, your shirt bosom, but not your temper; and instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sew buttons on your shirt, plant happi-ness instead of harrow teeth in your bosom. Yes, and if you are too confounded lazy or too proud to do such work yourself, she will carry swill to hogs, chap wood, dig potatoes for dinner, for her husband is such that she will do any thing to please him-except receive company in her every day clothes. When a woman loves she loves with a double-distilled devotedness, and when she hates she hates on a high pressure principle. Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as a bemp halter immutable as the rock of ages. She won't change it, except in a strong fit of jealousy, and even then it lingers, as if loth to part, like evening twilight at the windows of the west. Get married by any means. All the excuse you can fish up against "doing the deed," aren't worth a spoonful of pigeon's milk. Mark this-if blessed with health and enjoyment, and you are not able to support a wife, de-pend upon it you are not capable of supporting yourself. Therefore, so much more need of annexation; for in union, as well as in an onion, there is strength Get married. I repeat, man! Concen trate your affections upon one subject, and not distribute them by crumbs a mongst a host of Susans, Sallies, Marys, Elizas, Batseys, Peggys, and Dorothysallowing each scarcely enough to nibble at. Gut married and have somebody to cheer you up as your journey through this "lowly vale of tears"—somebody to sour up your dall, melancholy moments, and keep your whole life, and whatever linen you possess, in some sort of Sun-

day-go-to-meeting order. Young woman! I need not tell you to look out for a husband, for I know that you are fixing contrivances to catch one, and are as naturally on the watch as a cat is for a mouse. But one word in your ear, if you please. Don't bait your hook with an artificial fly of beauty; if you do, the chances are ten to one that you will eateh a gudgeon-some silly fool of a fish that isu't worth his weight in saw dust. Array the inner lady with the beautiful garments of virtue, modesty, true mortality, wisdom and un shophisticated love, and you will dispose of yourself quicker, and to much better advantage, than if you displayed all the gewgaws, flippering fol de-rols and fiddlede-dees in the universe. Remember, it is an awaful thing to live and die a selfmanufactured old maid!

My Hearers: Your days upon earth are but short at the longest, and they should be passed as righteously and pleasantly as the weather and circum stances will permit. Get married while you are young, and then when the frost of age shall fall and wither the flowers of youthful affection, the leaves of connubial love will still be green; and per chance, joyous offspring will surround and grace the parent tree like ivy entwining and adorning the time-scratched oak. So mote it be !

Cold.- For every mile that we leave

the surface of the earth, the temperature falls five degrees. At forty-five miles distance from the globe we get beyond the atmosphere, and enter, strictly speaking, into the regions of space, whose temperature is two hundred and twenty-five degrees bolow zero; and here cold reigns in all its power. Some ilea of this in tense cold may be formed by stating that the greatest cold observed from the Are tic circle is from fatty to sixty degrees below zero; and here many surprising effects are produced. In the chemical laboratory, the greatest cold that we can produce is about one hundred and fifts legrees below zero. At this tempera ture, carbonic gas becomes a solid sub stance like snow. If touched, it produces just the same effect on the skin as a red-hot cinder; it blisters the finger like a burn. Quicksilver or mercury freezes at forty degrees below the temperature at which water freezes. The solid wereary may then be treated as other motals, hammered into sheets, or made into spoons; such spoons would however, melt in water as warm as ice. It is pretty certain that every liquid and gas that we are acquainted with would be come solid if exposed to the cold of the regions of space. The gas we light our streets with would appear like wax; oil would be in reality "as hard as a rock pure spirit, which we have never yet solidified, would appear like a block of transparent crystal; hydrogen gas would become quite solid, and resemble a metal; we should be able to turn butter in a lathe like a piece of ivery; and the fragrant odor of flowers would have to

be made hot before they would yield per-fume. These are a few of the astonishing effects of cold .- Septimus Piesse.

A Foreigner at a Federal Court.

A letter from Washington, in the Independent Belge, written in the latter part of December, presents a not very flattering picture of the national capital.

We translate a part of it. Here I am in this city, pompously cal-ed the capital of the United States. It is the Versailles of this country, New York being the Paris; but I seek in vain for a park or chateau. People speak of the cabinet of Versailles; they speak in like manner of the cabinet of What an illustrious Washington. name for so poor a borough! To tell the truth, there is only one street in this capital of the most vast of Republics .-This is Pennsylvania Avenue, longer than it is beautiful, which commences at the capital, the seat of Congress, and ends at the White House the residence

of the President. This grand street, which is thronged by the most heterogeneous crowd that can be imagined, reminds me of the great street of Hombourg, the bathing place, at the season when the waters are most sought. The capital is the Kursatt of Hombourg. At both the same god is adored—Plutas. Instead of the green carpet, I find lobbies, which are filled with solicitors and intriguers of every age, and both sexes, from all quarters of the Union, seeking, some a grant, some a commission, some an office, some a pension; this one working to secure the passage of a bill, that one to cause t to misearry. I prefer Hombourg to Washington.

A very degraded creature is a daugh ter of joy; still more degraded, morally speaking, is a solicitress. Experience having demonstrated that a solicitress s worth three solicitors, the most delieate negotiations are confined to the fair sex. Each session attracts to Washington a cloud of these birds of passage, or rather of prey, who come to perch in the hotels the most frequented by members of Congress. Is the presence of a certain member absolutely necessary for the passage of a particular bill? One of these birds of fine plumage is despatched to him, and the member arrives with his vote. Is it necessary, on the contrary, to prevent a member from urriving in time to vote, another bird charges herself with retaining him at her lodgings; it costs, well understood, only smile, or some sweet words. These fair solicitors are of no certain age; the youngest does not exert as much power as the most aged; but widows occupy the first rank. How numerous are those vidows-how seductive.

It is reserved to the other sex to rough how affairs and conduct them to the point where their management requires a more delicate touch. You find among these lobby agents, as they are called, editors of influential papers, constructors of railroads, contractors, presidents

of companies, and especially lawyers. Behold here, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt pushing a bill for giving bim the trans-atlantic mail contract; there, behold Mr. Collins, who being no longer able to fulfil his contract with the appropriation granted him, wishes the govern ment to purchase the Atlantic, the Baltie, and the young Adriatic. But who are those busy men that elbow everybody, and hang on members of Congress Give place, they are promoters of the grand Pacific railroad, which will place know not how many millions seres of

land in the pockets of the shareholders The stranger who issues from the dangerous lobbies of which I have spoken, and enters the Senate or Chamber of Representatives, is not tempted, I assure you, to exclaim, like a certain provincial of antiquity, at the aspect of the Roman legislators, that he behaved himself in e presence of the Senate of Kings -Excepting a bust of Washington, nothing certainly inspires respect. Members with their hats on, their heads and their feet on the back of a colleague's chair fine carpets strined with tobacco juice in fine, to say no more, a negligence entirely too republican

- John G. Saxe, during his recent convalescence from a long and severe sickness, wrote a lutter to a lecture correspendent, near Boston, asking him to "walte a little longer," The concluding portion contained the following lines:

Ah! my dear friend, could you see My features so meagre and pallid, You would own that my 'invalid' plea, Is not altogether in val-ld.

"But, though I've been tortured and racked, [see And for months have been wasting away You may just set it down for a fact, It's not my intention to remain so,

" The doctor (he comes to me yet), Is welcome to some of my 'dust,' But Nature's exorbitant debt ---

P. S .- I've handed the doctor his pay And Fature (God bloss her!) to day, January, 1857.

While Saxe writes like that, there is no fear of his being a "grave man."-Home Journal.

RECIPE TO CURE HAMS.—As soon as the hog is cold enough to be cut up, take the two hams, and cut out the roune bone, so as to have the ham not too thick rub them well with common salt, and leave them in a large pan for three days. When the salt has drawn out all the blood, throw the brine away, and proceed as follows:

Have two hams, of about eighteen pounds each, take one pound of moist su gar, one pound of common salt, two punces of saltpetre, then put them into a versel

remembering always to keep the sait over them; after they have been in this state three days, throw over them a bottle of the best vinegar. One month is requisite for the cure of them; during that period, they must be turned often in the when you take them out, drain them well; powder them with some coarse flour, and hang them in a dry place. The same brine can serve again, observing that you must not put so much salt on the next hams that you pickle. This method has been tried, and pronounced far better than the West-phalia.—Homestead.

Lotteries in Naples.

It is supposed the shortest way of exciting a revolution at Naples would be to suppress the lottery offices. That peril his present Majesty is careful to avoid. The lotto is a pet institution of his. Government agents assist the sale of tickets Government telegraphs communicate the result of the drawings. By every means in his power the King stim ulates the gambling mania, which is one of the most ruinous propensities of the Neapolitan people. On the day fixed for the drawing, the commissary of police gets into a pulpit in the hall where the ceremony is performed, and behind him stations a party of soldiers; four judges and two priests (nothing at Naples without priests) take their seats on the platform; the audience—a motley assem-blage of inzeroni, mechanics, foreigners, mothers with babies, blear eyed old wo-men, children, and officers—is called to order. An official steps forward, shakes the ticket-box in right of the crowd, and a boy from the Foundling Hospital puts in his hand and draws out five numbers. These win ; as they are proclaimed to the orowd, the sensation is overpowering; men shout, women cry, many faint away from the excess of their disappointment.

Once some years ago, a poor girl whose lover was in prision for a small debt, and who had vainly exhausted her onergies in endeavoring to raise the sum for his release by working, put her two last pennies in the latto, and went over-whelming by despair. She had forgotten to reserve the means to provide herself with food; that night she lay down supperless, and went out in the morning to beg a grant to purchase some break-fast. It was a rainy morning; few for-eigners were in the streets; she trudged up and down through mud and rain, weak from hunger, and found no one willing to give her the alms she asked. Toward mid day, she was passing the lottery of-fice. Her stake suddenly occured to her, she pressed in with the throng, was borne into the room where the drawing took place and sauk upon the floor. She was unconscious of what took place till a great shout aroused her. Some one her side inquired what number had won? She no sooner heard it than she uttered a piercing shrick, held up her ticket, cried, "My Ludovice!" and faint ed away. She had won the great prize. But her feeble frame, worn away by want and suffering, could not support the shock She was carried out lifeless. Having no heirs, the proceeds of the prize went, of course to the Church, which buried her with much pomp and praying, and Ludovico remained in jail.

A Good Story .- A merchant of Mu nich, having obtained a large fortune, gave each of his three daughters a considerable sum and married them to three brothers sens of a worthy man of Hamburg. He reserved to himself a large capital, and his sons in law employed all their efforts to induce him to give it to them. At last, by flattery and demons'entions of affection, they got the old man's money. But from that time they began to show indifference for him, and at last totally neglected him. The grod old man was very wretched, and, what was worse, very poor. One day his youngest daughter went to him. In the course of conversation, she suggested to him that he might gain the good will of her and her sisters' husbands by pretending to be still rich. The old man, secing the idea was a good one, resolved at once to net on it. He went to a friend of his, a banker, and obtained an advance of money, and the loan of a service of

The next day he invited his sons in law to dinner. They were astonished to find a service of plate on the table, and still more so when the servent brought the old man a letter and he exclaimed-"What, let my old friend be embar rassed for ten thousand floring? he went and got that som from his strong box, soying: There, take that to your master! "You see," said he, "I sm still rich!" The sens-in law wers confounded and cook, with great carnestness immediately pressed the old man to go and live with him, promising that he should receive every attention, and every thing he could possibly wish for. But the old man laid down his conditions-that he should have his own apartments and domesties, and a carriage and a certain sum placed at his disposal. To this his sons in law eagerly consen-

For some time the old man lived comfortably enough; and wherever he went he took the precaution to carry with him his strong box, which was very beavy. A little while ago he fell ill — His sons in law pressed him to make his with, but he said his intention was to divide the contents of his strong box equal ly between them and a friend, and that

they and his executor should have a key. About a fortnight ago be died. By a writing which he left behind him, he directed that the box should not be opened until five days after his interment est pomp-and that each poor map in the town should receive a new suit of

clothes and a florin. At last the day f r opening the strong ox arrived. The sons in law, to their